



John Stearly Keene

John Stearly Keene, son of Father John H. Keene and Katherine Bird Keene, passed away on September 3, 2015, after a brief illness.

He leaves his loving wife of 53 years, Gail; a son, John C. of Kailua, Hawaii; a daughter, Rebecca Cambareri of Yorktown, New York and four grandchildren, Mie, Keio, Kaihei and Anthony, all of whom he adored.

John attended Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio for undergraduate studies and received an M.A. from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He was a member of Alpha Delta Phi fraternity and a proud former Marine Corps reservist.

John taught English for many years at the John Jay High School in Cross River, New York. He will be remembered by colleagues and students as being a superior teacher, consummate grammarian and always a gentleman. He was also an adjunct professor at Westchester Community College during the 1970's.

Literature, poetry, reading, and writing were his passions.

He was a past president of the Pound Ridge Tennis Club, where he was able to indulge in another passion: tennis. In recent years on Sunday mornings, he would meet with a special group of friends on a local private court. He loved the game, whether he was able to play a full set or simply bat the ball over the net.

A memorial service will be held at St. Paul's Chapel in Vista, New York, on Sunday, September 6, at 2 pm. Interment will follow at a later date in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

In lieu of flowers, donations may be sent to Grace Episcopal Church, 116 West Washington Avenue, Madison, WI 53703.

PIED BEAUTY

Gerard Manley Hopkins

GLORY be to God for dappled things—  
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;  
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;  
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
Praise him.